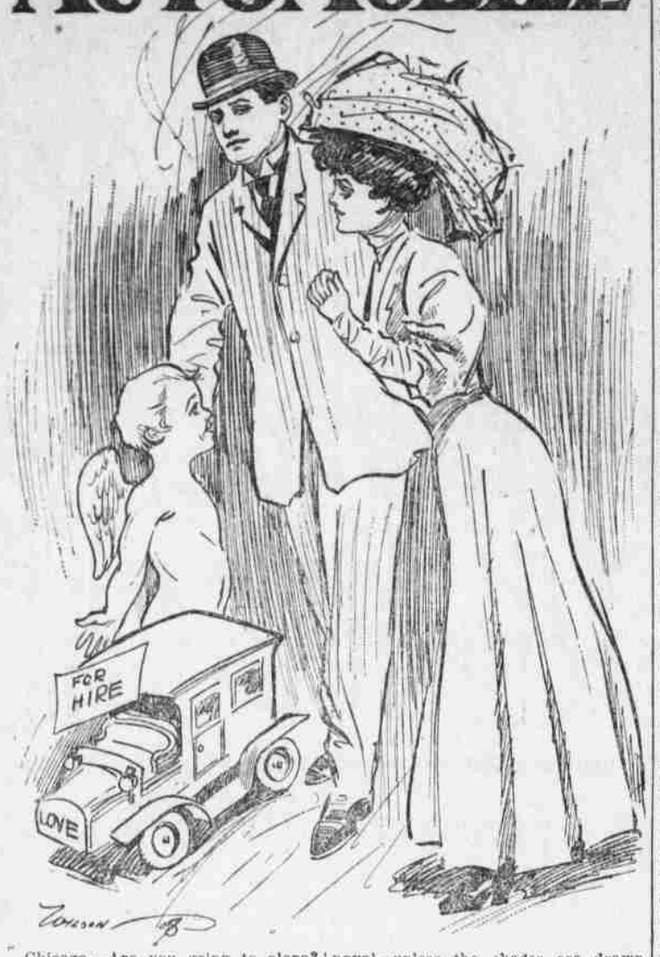
CUPID'S FAVORITE AUTOMOBILE



Chicago.—Are you going to elope? If you are, just hire the Gasoline Eloper, and you will live happily ever afterward. The Gasoline Eloper—it is called the "Love Boat" by some—is the name given by the people of Motorville to the 45-horsepower touring car that plies between Single Blessedness and the land of Better or Worse. Motorville is out Michigan avenue way, where the homes of early Chicago have been transformed into garages and shops and where the streets and alleys have been polished with oil and rubbed down by a million wheels. Out there the honk-honk is the reveille and the taps.

The Gasoline Eloper has carried more happy twains into the land of Better or Worse than any other automobile in Motorville, where all the automobiles come from. It has traveled with the wind over boulevards and country roads, across the state line to the knot-tying place in Indiana in the dead of night like a specter set on wheels; it has worn a path to justice shops at rural crossroads, to little white churches that speck the countryside; it has borne bachelors to church and brought them back benedicts, and it has fled away with girls in brown and men in gray and brought them back to the parental roof in time for the ice cream and cake and congratulations. It has put a five dollars an hour price on romance, and it has shattered every record set down on the books of Cupid for making two hearts beat as one.

—

Telegram Tells of Safety.

Every day in the week the Gasoline Eloper makes the round trip between Motorville and one of the stations on the route to bliss. Every once in awhile it goes to the end of the line down in Indiana or over in Michigan, and its safe arrival is always chronicled by a telegram to mother. Not a day passes that it does not figure in some sort of a romance, budding or in full bloom, but it's the record-breaking trips it has made to the end of the line that has made the Gasoline Eloper famous.

The Gasoline Eloper used to be red—until it set down the new record in Cupid's book. Now it's white, as white as the ribbons that are stretched along the aisles when the organ begins to play, as white as the candles on the altar, as white as the icing on the cake. If there is anything else out in Motorville it is appropriateness, and that's why the Gasoline Eloper was painted white not long ago.

Dangling behind the two rear wheels of this 45-horsepower car of Cupid is a sign bearing the number 4665. No. 4665 is the license number of the Gasoline Eloper, and the numerals are painted in white letters on the front of the car and they are painted on the glass of the lamps, too, so that whenever you see No. 4665 swinging along the boulevards just look inside and you will see more cooing and billing than you ever read about in a dime novel—unless the shades are drawn or a 40-mile-an-hour gait makes the numbers look like a streak of paint.

—

Suspect Happy-Looking Man.

Every man who wears the kind of a smile that won't come off, new shoes, and a gray suit, who wants to rent an automobile in Motorville is at once regarded with suspicion and sent over to the garage of the Gasoline Eloper. If the man with the everlasting smile, the new shoes, and the gray suit is accompanied by a feminine figure done in soft browns, the Gasoline Eloper doesn't wait to be rubbed down. It just wings out from its stall, and it doesn't come back again until it is able to wear a broad smile. The Gasoline Eloper obeys the same code that guided the Spartan warrior who was instructed to come back either with his shield or upon it, and so when No. 4665 is on the job it doesn't ring up the time clock until the world's supply of hearts has been reduced by the merger of two into one.

Some say that Dan Cupid himself is the carefully reckless driver of No. 4665. The driver wears Dan for a front name, anyhow, and perhaps his last name is the Swedish for Cupid. At any rate Dan knows how to drive, and drive fast. He is not allowed to answer any questions, either, and that helps along the business of 4665. Dan is always in a hurry. He goes over the boulevards and the Gluecoe bumps like a summery breeze, blowing up the dust, making puddles look like rain and telegraph poles like the bars on the county jail, and fanning the cheeks of sparrow cops.

—

Coppers Know When Dan Is Out.

Dan never gets pinched. Every copper from Motorville north to Waukegan, south to the Indiana state line, and west to the nearest crossroads justice shop knows that when No. 4665 rips off the miles like a wireless message it's "on the job," and not a hand is raised. Dan doesn't mind speeding—he's married himself and he says it's all for the cause. He says he keeps his engine in pace with the heart beats inside the limousine, and that means broken speed laws every mile from post to wire.

Most of the eloping couples carried to their goal in No. 4665 live happily ever afterwards, but of course there are some exceptions to the rule. Even before 4665 left the factory down in Buffalo where it was built it fastened its first two scalps to its belt. It was a bright spring day with all the settings found in the love songs of the poets when Genevieve Taylor of Buffalo, together with her father, visited the factory where the Gasoline Eloper was being put together. Papa Taylor wanted to buy a car in which he was to make a tour of the west with Genevieve and her mother.

The finishing touches were being put on No. 4665 when Mr. Taylor and his daughter reached the testing room of the great factory—the room to which cars are taken to be tested. While they were still in the room No. 4665 was brought in. It was ready for the test before being painted and shipped to Chicago.

—

Love Came on During High Speed.

Charles Gibbons, the daredevil tester of the factory, was assigned to make the first run on the chassis. Miss Taylor watched the preparations with great interest. Finally she asked why she couldn't make the ride with Gibbons. Her father, after some hesitation and many assurances both from the manager of the factory and the daring Gibbons, gave his consent.

The pair were soon speeding along the boulevards. The silent Gibbons sat rigidly grasping the steering wheel; his eyes were riveted straight ahead, and he seemed to notice nothing to right or left of him. He steadily increased the speed, until his responsive machine seemed fairly to fly over the paved roads. Miss Taylor knew that she had never before ridden at such a furious rate of speed. Her strained eyes instinctively turned from the road ahead to the stolid figure beside her and, somehow, she felt absolute confidence in the steady nerve of this "strong master of the wheel."

They had traveled about ten miles, and their speed was approaching 50 miles an hour when, suddenly, on a nearby cross street, another car was seen to be wildly approaching at a furious rate of speed. A fatal crash seemed inevitable. She clutched at Gibbons' shoulders and hid her face behind him. The suspense was terrible; but young Gibbons, with rare presence of mind, judged the distance and speed accurately, opened the throttle to its widest point, and his car shot ahead, allowing the other car to narrowly miss his rear fender.

—

Ended in Car's First Marriage.

Then Gibbons gradually brought his machine to a stop, and for the first time during the ride glanced at Miss Taylor. Her face was pallid, but it was filled with silent gratitude. Before they had gone half the distance back to the factory Miss Taylor had learned that Gibbons was her brother's chum at college. After the next ride, which was taken a few days later, Gibbons was compelled to undergo the ordeal of presenting himself to Taylor as his son-in-law.

That was the beginning of the remarkable record of No. 4665.

It was the fate of chassis No. 980 to be shipped to Chicago and there sold by the agent to D. O. Scott, a young mining engineer and owner, who had come up from his Mexican mines to spend the summer and incidentally some of his gold in the states. Not many years before Mr. Scott had been a world's champion bicycle rider, and he now found great pleasure in this high-speed automobile.

After he had used his car about a month, he received a message from his mines stating that he was badly needed there on account of recent troubles with the Indians. Scott knew that he must leave immediately. But during his short month in Chicago he had met his affinity. Car No. 4665 took the twain out Hammond way one night, and they came back bride and groom.

—

Love Boat Begins Knot-Tying Career.

After Scott sold 4665 it became known as the Gasoline Eloper and was held in reserve in Motorville for men in gray and girls in soft browns.

Although it was one of the elopements which failed to end happily, No. 4665 carried George Van Sands and Grace Cochrane on their wild ride to the knot-tying place.

Only a few days after the dash of 4665 to Milwaukee with Van Sands and his promised bride a large party of Evanstonians went on a camping expedition to Momence, Ill. Among these were Miss Vera Grace Moore and Mr. Robert P. Sheppard. This engaged couple were missed from camp one whole evening and a search was made for them. They had slipped away from camp and had walked to the railroad station, where, while waiting for a train to Chicago, Mr. Sheppard telephoned a Chicago garage to meet the train at the La Salle street station. The "love boat" was sent, and again carefully served to convey an eloping couple to the parsonage. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard returned to the station, and the "love boat" had cut another notch in its rapidly growing record.

—

Married in Gasoline Eloper.

Various Chicago couples have been married on railroad trains, on boats, on housetops, on roller skates and on ice skates, in the water, and as many more unusual places; but not long ago Dr. G. R. Churchill, a Chicago dentist, was married to Miss Lottie Andrews while riding in an automobile, and has attained the distinction of having been the originator of this latest unique place of marriage.

It happened a year or so ago on a crisp day in October. Dr. Churchill had planned a quiet marriage at the home of his favorite preacher. The owner of 4665 was cast in the role of best man. A run was made to the clergyman's house, but to the chagrin of the couple the minister was not at home and would not be back for half an hour. A spin over the boulevards was taken, and when the wedding party rumbled up to the curb in front of the clergyman's house it was found they would not have time to go in. So the clergyman was called out to the machine and the knot was tied from the curb.

—

Makes Even Prize Fighter Woozy.

During the summers of 1906 and 1907 the "love boat" figured in dozens of elopments. Joseph Howard, the composer of tuneful ditties which have made several musical comedies successful, was the principal in one of these. Immediately after Mr. Howard was granted a divorce from his former wife, Ida Emerson Howard, he rushed from the courtroom to an automobile which stood waiting for him, in which was Miss Mabel Barrison of "Capt. Careless" fame. A breathless trip to Hammond, Ind., was made in No. 4665.

After this elopement there successively followed a score of weddings and elopements in which No. 4665 figured, including the elopement of a prominent North side manufacturer to Hammond; a well known young woman of Woodlawn avenue, and also a goodly number of weddings without the sensation of an elopement. Among these more quiet weddings in which the "love boat" was used is that of Herman Landfield, better known as Kid Herman in pugilistic circles. On this occasion No. 4665 took Mr. and Mrs. Landfield on their honeymoon to New Orleans.

Overcoming Her Despondency

By Elizabeth Robbins

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The shadow of the leaves of an apple tree branch quivered on the white muslin curtains of Miss Phoebe Percival's chamber window as they were stirred by the light morning breeze.

The sun just rising filled the room with a yellow glow. Ordinarily this was the signal for the rising of Phoebe, but this morning she lay and watched the shadows. She had awakened with a heavy feeling of despondency.

"I declare for it!" she exclaimed to herself, "I've a good mind not to get up at all. I ain't of any use in the world—an old maid, living here alone. Seems as if everybody else had somebody to do for—parents or husband or children or relations of some kind—at any rate, somebody they're necessary to and who'd miss 'em if they should die. But me!—I don't suppose any living being would shed a tear if I should die this minute. I shouldn't be missed any more'n one of the rocks over in the pasture—"

Phoebe stopped short in her monologue to listen. A faint "meaow" came from somewhere below.

"Coming, kittie," called Phoebe, and was out of bed before the words were out of her mouth.

It took her but a few minutes to dress, and then she tripped downstairs, for Phoebe was quick-motioned if she was 40.

She let the cat in, stooping to take him in her arms for a moment and pet and talk to him. "You've had to wait so long, Peterkin, I think I will give you an extra good breakfast," she said. The cat rubbed against her and showed his affection in all the ways possible to a cat, and when the saucer of food was set before him, purred loudly as he ate.

Phoebe had hardly cleared away her breakfast and made her three small rooms tidy, when there was the sound of children's voices and a knock on the front door.

"Oh, Miss Percival, will you please give us some flowers for the teacher?" spoke up one of the children eagerly when she appeared.

"Bless your hearts, yes!" was the hearty response. There was a snip-snipping of Phoebe's scissors, and when the troop passed out of the yard with happy faces, each child had a fragrant little bouquet, and there was a chorus of "Thank you, Miss Percival."

"Precious few left," laughed Phoebe to herself. "But they'll blossom all

Tripped Downstairs.

the more for being picked, and what would be the use of having flowers if nobody wanted 'em?'

She was now ready for the day's work, which was to make a jacket and two pairs of knickerbockers for little Freddie Westall, from two old pairs of his papa's trousers, which his mamma had ripped and pressed.

"I think I'll make the seats and elbows double, seeing there's cloth enough," soliloquized Phoebe. "Freddie is so hard on his clothes and poor Mrs. Westall has so much to do, and then when they do come to holes the patches'll be right there all ready to hem down to."

The groceryman came as Phoebe finished cutting the jacket. He was a fresh, attractive-looking young man, and generally inclined to be sociable; but this morning he was very glum and said never a word as he wrote down Phoebe's order.

"Why, what have you done to your wrist?" she exclaimed suddenly.

"Cut it on Badger's old kerosene can, I guess. The dickens! I didn't know it was bleeding like that—on your clean floor, too!'

"Wait a minute and let me do it up for you. Never mind the floor."

"Oh, it's no matter. I can put my handkerchief about it."

But Phoebe insisted, and after washing the wounded wrist, wound it with soft white cloth. The young man looked down at her in silence till she began to fasten the end of the bandage, when he spoke abruptly:

"Say, Miss Percival! Suppose you'd been going with a girl steady for 'most two years, and all at once she left you in the lurch some Sunday night and went home from evening meeting with another fellow! Shouldn't you think yourself justified in never having anything more to say to her?"

"Why, I don't know," said Phoebe. "She may have done it just to tease, not meaning anything. No; I don't think I'd break an engagement for a little thing like that."

"Oh, but there wasn't any engagement—at least, nothing had ever been said—"

"Well," said Phoebe, as she took several unnecessary stitches, "if I had been going with a girl two years and never mentioned anything about being engaged, I should expect her to think my attentions didn't mean anything and she was free to go home with anybody she liked. Shouldn't you?"

The young man blushed. "I guess I've been something of a fool, Miss Percival," he said, with an embarrassed laugh. "I've been expecting folks to be mind-readers. Thank you for doing up my wrist."

Phoebe watched him as he went down the path. "I knew Nellie was feeling bad about something the last time she was here," she mused; "but I had other company and so she didn't say anything. It's queer what trifles will come between two people who really think the world of each other," and Phoebe sighed as she recalled the one romance of her own life.

The cutting out of Freddie Westall's clothes was done, and Phoebe was at her stitching machine, when Mrs. Gaines, her next neighbor, burst in at the door and sank into a chair. "Do you know how to put in a stove lining?" she asked, breathlessly. "John took mine out and then was called away and won't be home till noon; and just before he went he remembered to give me a letter he took out of the post office a week ago—and it's from my sister, and she's coming here to-day on the half-past ten train, and going off in the afternoon on her way home from the mountains, and her son and his wife are with her—and I've been canning tomatoes all the week and let everything else go—and I've been working every minute since I got the letter cleaning things up, and forgot all about the stove—"

"I'll go right back with you," Phoebe said promptly, and the two left the house together.

Phoebe was possessed of "gumption," and the stove lining was put in as quickly and as well as John could have done it.

"Now, Laura," she commanded, "you just run and change your dress and get ready for your company—'tis 'most 11 o'clock—and leave the dinner to me. I'll have it all on the table by 12, and run over afterward and wash up the dishes."

"Oh, it is too much—"

"No, it isn't!" Phoebe interrupted her. "What are neighbors for if not to be neighborly?"

So with a deep breath of relief Mrs. Gaines obeyed, and Phoebe set to work on the dinner.

Everything went off well, and at half-past one the dishes were washed and put away, and Phoebe was back at her machine.

Just before supper, Mrs. Gaines ran over for a minute to tell Phoebe how grateful she was. "My company had to go away at three o'clock," she said, "and if it hadn't been for you I should have had to stay in the kitchen most of the time and hardly seen my sister at all."

Phoebe hurried her sewing after supper, so that by half-past eight she was on her way down the road with Freddie Westall's completed garments over her arm.

Mrs. Westall gave a relieved sigh at sight of her. "I'm so glad they're finished," she exclaimed. "Some of the other children dared Freddie to go through a thicket of horse-briers and blackberry vines this afternoon down in the pasture, and his only pair of knickerbockers was torn to tatters. You couldn't stay and spend the evening, could you?" she asked wistfully as Phoebe rose to go. "I can't blame folks for not coming to see me, when I never get to see them; but I do get so lonesome—and my husband is away this evening, too."

"Why, I'll be glad to," asserted Phoebe, and the two sat and rocked and chatted till Mr. Westall came home at ten o'clock.

After Phoebe was home again and had locked up for the night, there came a quick knock at the door.

"Somebody must have been taken suddenly sick and sent for me," she thought as she drew the bolt and opened the door.

"Good evening, Miss Percival," said a voice which she instantly recognized as that of the groceryman.

"I was going by home," the young man said, "and saw your light was burning, so I thought I'd stop and tell you that I acted on the hint you gave me this morning, and everything is all right. Nellie has said she'll marry me. We thought we'd like you to know about it first."

"Well, I am glad!" thought Phoebe, as she fastened the door again and went upstairs. "He's a likely fellow and she's a good girl. They'll never be sorry, either of 'em."

When Phoebe had put out her light she lay for awhile watching the leafy shadows on her curtains, cast this time by the newly-risen moon.

The despondency of the morning had given place to a quiet happiness that was soon merged in pleasant dreams.

The Conscience of Sam.

"I have a rough-haired terrier dog, by name Sam, who, besides being able to perform all sorts of tricks, is of a high moral character," said a Wall street broker. "Sam sits at the front window every morning watching for the letter carrier. Recently he saw him as usual and ran off for the letters. He returned with two in his mouth, brought them to me, and went and lay down again, while I resumed reading my newspaper. In two minutes he rose, went out of the room, and came back carrying in his mouth a small sealed package which had been intrusted to him by the postman with the letters. You see, Sam's conscience seemingly had chided him at not completing his work, and would not let him rest until he had delivered the package to me."

He Knew.

Yeast—Do you know the proper way to carry an umbrella?

Crimsonbeak—Sure thing! If the owner's name is on the handle, carry it so he can't see it.—Yonkers Statesman.

The General Demand

of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

In supplying that demand with its excellent combination of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the California Fig Syrup Co. proceeds along ethical lines and relies on the merits of the laxative for its remarkable success.

That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

BLAMED ON THE RAILROAD.

First Thought in Irishman's Mind After the Accident.

Railroad claim-agents have little faith in their fellow creatures. One said recently: "Every time I settle a claim with one of these hard-headed rural residents who wants the railroad to pay twice what he would charge the butcher if he gets a sheep killed, I think of this story, illustrative of the way some people want to hold the railroad responsible for every accident, of whatever kind, that happens. Two Irishmen were driving home from town one night when their buggy ran into a ditch, overturned, and they were both stunned. When a rescuer came along and revived them, the first thing one of them said was: 'Where's the train?' 'Why, there's no train around,' he was told. 'Then where's the railroad?' 'The nearest railroad is three miles away,' he learned. 'Well, well,' he commented. 'I knew it hit us pretty hard, but I didn't suppose it knocked us three miles from the track.'"

THE LIMITATIONS OF THE CLOTH

His Reverence (whose caddie has sneezed at the moment of putting)—You—you—you naughty caddie!

A Busy Locality.

Jack is the eight-year-old son of a Philadelphia suburban merchant, and not long ago made his first visit to New York with his father. The strenuosity of the big town got on the boy's nerves, and by bedtime he was about run down. He tumbled into bed quite regardless of certain duties, but his father was more observant.

"Don't forget to say your prayers, my boy," he said.

"O, what's the use, pop?" responded the boy. "God's too busy over here to bother with a little thing like that."

The father was shocked, but under the circumstances he thought it best not to urge his son.—Lippincott's Magazine.

His Opinion of the Dinner.

The guests at a large dinner party did ample justice to the tempting viands as course after course was served. They were loud in their praises of the Chinese cook, of whom the hostess was justly proud. They declared they never ate more delicious or appetizing delicacies. Finally the Chinaman brought in the last course, a huge cake heavy with frosting. He was a converted Chinaman, and desiring to honor his religion he had put a motto on the cake that satisfied his conscience. It read, "Prepare to Meet Thy God."

RAILROAD MAN

Didn't Like Being Starved.

A man running on a railroad has to be in good condition all the time or he is liable to do harm to himself and others.

A clear head is necessary to run a locomotive or conduct a train. Even a railroad man's appetite and digestion are matters of importance, as the clear brain and steady hand result from the healthy appetite followed by the proper digestion of food.

"For the past five years," writes a railroader, "I have been constantly troubled with indigestion. Every doctor I consulted seemed to want to starve me to death. First I was dieted on warm water and toast until I was almost starved; then, when they would let me eat, the indigestion would be right back again.

"Only temporary relief came from remedies, and I tried about all of them I saw advertised. About three months ago a friend advised me to try Grape-Nuts food. The very first day I noticed that my appetite was satisfied, which had not been the case before, that I can remember.

"In a week, I believe, I had more energy than ever before in my life. I have gained seven pounds and have not had a touch of indigestion since I have been eating Grape-Nuts. When my wife saw how much good this food was doing me she thought she would try it awhile. We believe the discoverer of Grape-Nuts found the 'Perfect Food.'"

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

WHAT CURED HIM OF HABIT.

Thinking Aloud a Thing of the Past with This Man.

"I see," said the young man who smokes, "that a London doctor has come to the front with some formula warranted to cure the most confirmed driveler of the habit of talking to himself."

"Humph," said the other, "that is nothing new. There are dozens of cures already on the market. Doubtless all these specifics have some virtue, but I'll wager none of them is so effective as the one I accidentally hit upon several years ago. In my younger days I was a slave to the habit of self-communion. No matter where I was, whether alone or in a crowd, my mind was always busy, and involuntarily my thoughts ran to spoken words. Among the various interests that engrossed my attention at that time was the profession of authorship.

"One day, while out for a stroll, I met a young woman whom I knew. I turned and walked with her. We had proceeded but a short distance when an inspiration struck me. All morning I had pondered over the proposal I wished to put into the mouth of the hero of my latest yarn. Of a sudden the proper speech occurred to me, and with an intensity of passion I bellowed it forth. For the time being I forgot all about the young woman, but she soon reminded me of her existence and of her presence thereabouts.

"'Yes,' she said, 'I am willing. I have loved you for a long time.'

"It was some time before I came to. When I did finally recover and realized what had happened I tried by various diplomatic methods to back out, but it was no use. The young lady was strangely obtuse. She couldn't take a hint. So, although I was convinced that bachelor freedom was necessary to the advancement of my art, we married."

The young man who smoked puffed at his cigar thoughtfully.

"Well," he said at length, "it came out all right, didn't it?"

"Yes, I guess so, but from that day to this I have taken mighty good care never to talk to myself."

BEFORE DEMOCRACY WAS BORN.

Country's Leanings to Aristocracy in Washington's Time.

When Washington took the oath of office Democracy was only a name in this country, and a much-despised name. Manhood suffrage was not seriously considered. Properly cast, the ballots held the offices, and only the more daring agitators protested against its domination. The aristocratic wealth of the new nation openly favored a monarchy with George Washington for king, and the masses were yet further affronted by the organization of "The Society of Cincinnati," a federation of the officers of the revolutionary army, in which it was provided that representation should descend through the eldest lineal male, thus preserving the hatred rule of primogeniture. While the popular suspicion of The Cincinnati was unwarranted it still prevailed, and was one of the factors which gave impetus to Tammany and to the whole Democratic and anti-Federalist movement.

The tavern was the forum of popular debate in those days, and if we were permitted to examine the original drafts of many famous and patriotic documents, we would likely find them stained with ale and Jamaica rum. It was a day when the preacher drank his toddy from the pulpit, and in which neither temperance not abstinence were esteemed as virtues.

Conspicuous among the resorts frequented by our ancestral New York proletariat was Barden's, or the City Tavern. This was located on Broadway, not far from Bowling Green, and within a stone's throw of the present Standard Oil building. Here it was that the founders of Tammany met at some round table, like their London contemporaries, Johnson, Boswell, Garrick, Goldsmith, and others who frequented the Cheshire Cheese and founded the Literary club to the clinking of glasses and the munching of food.—Frederick Upham Adams, in Success Magazine.

Rise to It.

Mind no business but your own.—Dr. Johnson.